*Nim.* I muſt do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet ſheel plod, and ſome ſay kniues haue edges,
And men may ſleepe and haue their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.
*Bar.* Come y faith, Ile beſtow a breakfaſt to make *Piſtoll*,
And thee friendes. What a plague ſhould we carrie kniues
To cut our owne throates.
*Nim.* Y faith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theres my reſt, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter* Piſtoll *and Hoſtes Quickly, his wife.*
*Bar.* Godmorrow ancient *Piſtoll.*
Here comes ancient *Piſtoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
*Nim.* How do you my Hoſte?
*Piſt.* Baſe ſlaue, calleſt thou me hoſte?
Now by gads lugges I ſweare, I ſcorne the title,
Nor ſhall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
*Hoſt.* No by my troath not I,
For we cānot bed nor boord half a ſcore honeſt gētlewomē
That liue honeſtly by the prick of their neeale,
But it is thought ſtraight we keepe a bawdy-houſe.
O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now ſhall
We haue wilful adultry and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* ſhew the valour of a man,
And put vp your ſword.
*Nim.* Puſh.
*Piſt.* What doſt thou puſh, thou prickeard cur of Iſeland?
*Nim.* Will you ſhog off? I would haue you ſolus.
*Piſt.* Solus egregious dog, that ſolus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worſe, within
Thy meſſull mouth, I do retort that ſolus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
And *Piſtolls* flaſhing firy cock is vp.
*Nim.* I am not *Barbaſom*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Piſtoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Piſtoll*, Ile ſcoure you with my
Rapier.